UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Profits of Gardening

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

Tolstoy—A Play in Seven Scenes

Scene 1

By HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapters XXXIX and XL

By M. K. GANDHI

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John Haynes Holmes — Francis Neilson
Curtis W. Reese — Louis L. Mann

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI | MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1928 | NUMBER 16

A VACATION PRAYER

As we come into this place this morning, may we invite our souls to an uncommon experience.

Far from the great city with its noise and confusion, there is the unspoiled beauty of the open country. Here one catches a vision of the splendor of the night sky, of the mountain peaks, trailing clouds of glory in the morning and with purple shadows playing about their feet at nightfall. Here the sun comes forth as a bride-groom from his chambers and rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course. All nature is inviting us to an uncommon experience.

If we would but be quiet, if we would but stop and look and listen—as we face all this beauty, we should become conscious of a Great Presence, that abides on the waters, that hovers over the plains, and runs to meet us in the early dawn.

May this hour of prayer be such an uncommon time, O Lord; a time when we purify our souls and clear our minds. Cast out every evil imagination, every doubt and anxiety, every mean and unkind thought. Cast out everything that would shut out Thee. This morning we shall not open our lips to utter vain repetitions, to ask Thee for this thing and that thing; for health, for security, for position, for power, for after all these things do the Gentiles seek. One thing only shall we ask of Thee, one great petition, than of all others the best, a sense of Thy presence with us. We would of a surety feel Thy spirit resting upon us so that we might say:

The spirit of the Lord is upon ME,
For He has anointed ME
To preach good tidings to the poor.
He has sent ME
To bind up the broken-hearted,
To preach deliverance to the captive, the recovering of sight to the blind,
To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

Ears have we but we hear not; eyes have we but we see not. Grant, O God, that from this time forth we may no longer be "so burdened with care or so darkened with passion that we pass heedless and unseeing when even the thorn-bush by the roadside is aflame with the glory of God." But may we leap up as the lame man who was healed by Bethesda's pool, with a new fire in our veins.

Now let the day dawn in this place, let the morning star arise in our hearts. May the memory of past moments of communion with Thee come thronging in upon us. "And may those angel faces smile, which we have loved long since and lost awhile," for they are with Thee and Thou art with us and we with Thee.

And now unto Thee be the praise and the glory and the honor forever, world without end. Amen.

Victor E. Marriott.

Now that Canada and New Zealand have accepted Kellogg's Outlawry proposal, it would seem as though the vote of the nations were practically unanimous. There are reservations here and there, of course—much ironing out of wrinkles to be done. But the main thing, the acceptance of the principle, is accomplished. In this thrilling diplomatic victory for the American State Department, we see a fulfilment of prophecy in regard to the program of the Outlawry of War. Years ago it was the confident declaration of Mr. L. O. Levinson that, once this challenge of peace was flung at the nations, no one of them would dare to refuse co-operation. Imagine a government saying to all the world that it wanted to fight, that it believed in war as a sound method of settling international disputes, that it chose to keep right on with the old devices of banditry and barbarism! The thing is inconceivable, said Mr. Levinson. The one specific and immediate thing to be accomplished is to get the proposal definitely submitted to the great powers of the world, and they will all, for very shame, give their assent. Sooner than any one dared to anticipate, Secretary Kellogg challenged the nations to outlaw war—and lo, Mr. Levinson's prophecy is fulfilled! Not all these nations are enamored of the idea. France, caught in her own trap, is mightily disturbed. England, burdened with the woes of military empire, is sorely troubled. The world has not become pacifist in a night. But the world dare not defend war. Now that the proposal is definitely put before them, they must accept peace. Sincere or insincere, they cannot but go ahead along the lines marked out by Secretary Kellogg, for not otherwise can they hold the support of their war-weary and war-disgusted people. Hence the enormous gain in the present situation! Peace is at last out of the murky atmosphere of diplomatic cabinets, in the clear air of public knowledge. In this is our firmest assurance of ultimate victory.

More and more we find ourselves getting fixed in our conviction that disarmament is a futile hope at least until the war-system has been done away with by the process of Outlawry. To seek disarmament of the nations *before* the abolition of war, is vain. *After* this abolition, arms will be sloughed off like a snake's skin from its body. That immediate disarmament is the cart before the horse has always been true. Hence the 100 per cent record of failure for the disarmament movement under the existing war system! But this fact is truer today, in a more acute and even terrible form, than it has ever been before. In the old days, for a

nation to be unprepared for war was no very serious thing. When armies moved on their own feet, and ships under their own sail, attack was long in coming. Between a declaration of war and the first onslaught of the enemy, there was ample time to get ready to carry arms which were themselves of no great effectiveness. But today all this is different! Arms in our time are not only of devastating power, but of lightning-like rapidity. The blow falls immediately after the warning—indeed, in some cases, as in the Russo-Japanese War, before the warning. The element of time, in other words, is today completely eliminated. The next war, we are told, will be won in the first few days, or even perhaps in the first few hours. One blow by a storm-cloud of airships, and all will be over! Under such conditions, no nation dares to disarm, or even to reduce arms. Every people in the world must be armed to the teeth, and *right on their toes,* if they are to escape sudden and complete annihilation. To talk about disarmament under conditions such as these is nonsense. Our first and only objective, as pacifists, must be *war.* We must attack the source of the disease, and not its symptoms. We will get rid of arms when we get rid of war, and not one fraction of a second sooner.

The dropping of the Pope's cross on the north pole by General Nobile of the "Italia" was so atrociously silly a piece of business that we cannot refrain from pointing the theological moral, now that the flying-ship has been so unhappily lost. What did the dropping of this cross mean, in the minds of those engaged in the ceremonial, if not that this world is Christ's, and that he, now sitting on the right hand of the Father, is watching over those who take his name and do his work? Yet disaster, fatal and irreparable, has overtaken those who thus carried Christ's precious symbol to the land of ice and polar bears! Not all the blessing of the Pope, not all the heroism of his messengers, availed anything against the inexorable rigor of Nature. Within less than a day after the cross, duly pointed at the nether end as well as anointed at the upper extremity, had been dropped upon the pole, the "Italia" was caught in raging blasts of snow and ice, and apparently lost forever. What was Christ doing when these gallant flyers were thus undone? If the Savior was napping, why wasn't the Father on the job? What are good Christians to think when they are thus deserted—just as though they were Jews or atheists who had never dropped any cross at all? Marvellous indeed is the faith of men, still believing after all these centuries of bafflement and defeat and unanswered prayer that there is a Providence which guards and protects its own. When we read about the "Italia" and the Pope's cross, we thought it was the silliest piece of theological flub-dubbery that we had ever heard of. But even such hocus-pocus as this is not in vain if its futility helps a few persons to do some thinking and thus at last perhaps to be delivered from superstition.

The Japanese are a canny people. Realists to the backbone, they never allow prides or prejudices, or even ideals, to stand in the way of what seems to them to be advisable or necessary. Take their proceedings in Russia! The Japanese, distrusting diplomats and casual visitors and newspaper correspondents as sources of information about that perplexing country, did the amazing thing of sending a distinguished and open-minded business man straight to Moscow, to ascertain the facts. This man, Kusanosuke Kuhara, after due investigation on the spot, made a report to his government which makes the recent protest of the Civic Federation in this country against relations with the Soviets sound like the whimperings of a little baby. Said this report:

> The Soviets' political organization does not permit the existence of opposition, but in a country like Russia this promotes stability. A downfall can come only through a foreign war or a peasant uprising, and Moscow is on its guard against both these dangers. *I do not hesitate to say that the Soviet regime is good for the next fifty or seventy years.*

Taking this fact as his major premise, without blinking, or complaining, or raging like a flustered turkey cock, Kuhara went on to recommend:

> Japanese statesmen and business men have been overcautious, and it is now supremely important that they realize that the Soviets have come to stay, and formulate their policies accordingly. Economically I believe that Russia will pull through. Her statesmen will have to adopt more capitalistic principles, but they will do so.

In other words, the Japanese envoy has confidence in Russia, and believes it to be the part of wisdom to face facts and get down to business. Incidentally, he knows that this business is immensely profitable, and believes that Japan should have her goodly share of it. Premier Tanaka agrees, and, like the German statesmen before him, is opening up negotiations with the Soviets. And all this, by the way, is reported to us by the New York *Evening Post*—dyed-in-the-wool, pro-Calvin Coolidge organ, with earnest suggestion that America wake up and take notice! Obviously the ban on Russia is giving way. It's giving way before the power of money, to be sure, not of justice. But that is natural enough. And whatever the cause, the result is good. The main thing is for Americans to get over their silly nonsense about Russia, and, like the Japanese, to face the fact that "the Soviets have come to stay."

The use of the movies for subversive propaganda purposes was one of the scandals of the scandalous war "to make the world safe for democracy." This we now know, as we know many other things of shame that were perpetrated in 1914-1918. But how many of us know that this use of the movies for poisoning the public mind is going right on, and was never more insidious and thus dangerous than it is today? We

think we can say that we have never been to a movie show with a news-reel which did not present some stirring picture of soldiers, sailors, and warships. Every June, as regularly as the calendar comes round, the public is shown pictures of West Point and Annapolis drills and graduations. Somebody is on the job every minute, feeding the theaters all the militaristic bunk that they and their patrons can digest. How it is done has been revealed in the case of a picture called "Don't Give Up the Ship." A certain film board of trade, engaged in placing this picture in movie-houses throughout the country, states that the

> object of this one-reel subject is to make known to the people of the United States the importance of the future development in our country of an adequate merchant marine that will secure economic independence as well as forming a vital element of national defense; and that the Navy as a first line of defense is a form of national insurance which *protects the merchant marine and our rapidly expanding commerce.*

Informing the theatre manager that the picture will be shipped to him on a given date, the letter goes on to say:

> In event you do not wish to use this subject on the dates designated kindly advise, giving us full information as to the reasons why you do not wish to use it, as this has been requested by the Naval Department through Mr. Will Hays, President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. And further, remember this is gratis, the posters are gratis, and again let us draw to your attention the naval recruiting station in your city. They will assist you with flags, weapons and other material that can be used to decorate your lobby. Their own sheet boards will be turned over to you for one-sheet of "Don't Give Up the Ship" with the name of the theatre on it. Kindly advise if the above meets with your approval and, if not, let us know the reasons. Yours for a greater Navy and 100% representation of the showing, "Don't Give Up the Ship."

All this is of interest, says a recent peace bulletin, in view of a letter by Mr. Will Hays, grand mogul of the movie world:

> The motion picture may be—probably will be—the greatest instrument man has yet known for the bringing about of better understandings between man and man, between group and group, and between nation and nation. When we know one another, we do not hate one another. When we do not hate, we do not make war.

Great changes are taking place in the marketing of books in this country. Formerly the book business was, as it still very largely is, a hit-and-miss affair. The publisher found his book on such basis of judgment as he could trust, invested his money in it, offered it to the public, and prayed for a sale. Sometimes the sale came—once in a while it came like a cyclone, as for example in the case of that amazing book, "The Story of Philosophy" by Will Durant. More often, however, it did not come, and the publisher had the job of pocketing his losses and getting rid of "leftovers." The bookshop business, we are told, has been one of the most hazardous in the commercial world. The trouble is, of course, that there is no steady flow of customers, no organized public. Books are put out as fishermen's lines are dropped into the sea. Fish bite, or they don't; and the fisherman lives, if he lives at all, on luck. Now comes something new! Attempts to organize and hold the book-buying public are being made in all directions, much as attempts have long since been successfully made to grow fish and lobsters, like vegetables, all ready for use. Here is the Book-of-the-Month Club—a group of some forty-odd thousand persons, we are told, who subscribe for twelve books a year as selected by the board of judges, just as they subscribe for twelve issues of a monthly magazine as made up by the board of editors. Here is the Literary Guild, which undertakes not to select from books already published, but to publish from manuscripts submitted, twelve books a year for which it asks subscriptions. The plan here seems to be that of the Theatre Guild in New York—to present original works to a permanent body of subscribers. Other schemes of this kind are announced or are being planned—all directed to the end of organizing the book trade, and thus securing a ready-made buying public for books. That this is a revolution is obvious. The publishers are not sure whether they like it or not. The bookstores are pretty sure that they don't. But it is the public in the last analysis which will decide. If readers like it, the new scheme will endure.

The Profits of Gardening

The fortunes of the McNary-Haugen Bill will serve to revive the observation that gardening has constituted the basis of our national economy from the very beginning. Washington and Jefferson were gentlemen farmers. President Jackson was a farmer without being a gentleman; while Lincoln was both a farmer and a gentleman in the best sense of the word.

It may also be remarked that some of the most conspicuous turning points in the rise of our civilization in America can only be understood against an agricultural background. The Louisiana Purchase of 1803 was the biggest garden which ever came into the possession of this Government at a single stroke, and its acquisition created issues which remain unsolved after a century and a quarter. The War of 1812 may ostensibly have involved the rights of neutrals upon the seas in time of war, but in reality the profits and problems of gardening were intimately involved.

Gardening of this sort is obviously upon an extensive scale and the profits are likely to be commensurately ample. Under conditions which obtain with the average citizen of the East the pursuit of gardening is commonly restricted to a few square feet bounded at least on two sides by his own garage and that of his neighbors. Under such circumstances any reference to the profits of such enterprise will undoubtedly stimulate amused and unhappy memories of similar exploits in the past which are to be characterized not as assets

but as liabilities. When one compares the size of his bill for seeds and fertilizer and help and tools on the one hand with the poor little tomato plants and struggling radishes and beet greens heroically striving to respond to the unnatural demand which is placed upon them, he realizes that Father is right when he delegates such agricultural efforts to the women and for his part goes to Wall Street for bigger game.

To those, however, who still insist in spite of the changing fortunes of National Legislation that gardening is a profitable occupation, such justification is based upon a very different use of the word profitable. Inasmuch as agriculture is recognized as one of the very early pursuits of mankind it will not occasion surprise to be reminded that many persons have found in its pursuit a satisfactory philosophy of life. Perhaps one of the most picturesque characters in American life whose philosophy was based largely upon such an approach to the forms and forces of natural growth was Henry Thoreau. Whether Thoreau was himself a very satisfactory or successful gardener appears to be an open question. The following passage, however, selected from his diary written in the month of March, 1857, just as the first signs of spring planting were appearing in Concord, will serve to articulate what a lot of people vaguely feel.

> When I witness the first plowing and planting, I acquire a long lost confidence in the earth—that it will nourish the seed that is committed to its bosom. I am surprised to be reminded that there is warmth in it. We have not only warmer skies then, but the warmer earth. The frost is out of it, and we may safely commit these seeds to it in some places. Yesterday I walked with farmer beside his team and saw one furrow turned quite round his field. What noble work is plowing, with the broad and solid earth for material, the ox for fellow laborer, and the simple but efficient plow for tool! . . work that tells, that concerns all men which the sun shines and the rain falls on. It comes pretty near to making a world.

The Association for the Advancement of Science once wrote to Thoreau asking him to fill out a questionnaire about the variety of science which he was chiefly interested in. He refused to do it.

> I felt that it would be to make myself the laughing stock of the scientific community to attempt to describe to them what branch of science specially interested me, inasmuch as they will not believe in a science which deals with the higher law.

The whole of Middlesex County was to Thoreau a garden over which he roamed at will, although he did little to cultivate it except to protest against any violation of its wildness. The moral of Thoreau might be summed up somewhat as follows: If you can go into your garden and describe with vividness and accuracy what you see there so that somebody else will derive pleasure from it; if you can find in your tasks as a gardener the materials for a philosophy of life, you may be said to have engaged upon a profitable venture even though your efforts may be an endless source of amusement to your friends and neighbors.

There is another name which springs instantly to the lips of any person who thinks in terms of gardening, which is associated with tremendous wealth, not for himself, but for enormous numbers of persons in this country whose lives have been vastly healthier and happier because, like Adam of old, God put him into a garden to dress it and keep it. This is the name of Luther Burbank. And if by some magic Adam could have been transported to the scene of Burbank's experiments in California during the past fifty years, the first man would have complained, with good cause, that Providence had treated him very hardly in placing him in the Hebrew Garden instead of associating him with Luther Burbank.

When Mrs. Burbank sent for Mr. Paul Stark to make an inventory of the results of her husband's gardening, after his death, one of the first things they found was that he had developed twenty-eight thousand varieties of fruits and vegetables which the world had never heard of. The task of getting all these varieties into marketable condition and of finding out in fact what all of this means to the world is something which will require years to complete. The enormous variety of fruits and vegetables which Burbank left as his bequest to the world is altogether astonishing. Here is a partial summary of the new varieties which will eventually be added to the world's wealth: 120 Plums, 17 Peaches, 28 Apples, 30 Cherries, 4 Nectarines, 27 Prunes, 5 Grapes, 10 Berries, 34 Pears, 500 Hybrid Roses, 54 Gladioli.

When Mr. Burbank died all this contribution to the health and happiness of human kind was largely overlooked in the storm which broke loose over the claim that he was an infidel by reason of the fact that he had denied belief in the virgin birth of Christ. But he loved life in all its forms, and it may safely be affirmed that long after his critics have been forgotten men will tell how Luther Burbank walked with his God in the garden and through a labor of love brought life's richest treasures to the children of men.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

The per capita consumption of cake in this country is now greater than the per capita consumption of bread. At last is Marie Antoinette justified!

Each person in this country is sick on an average of eight days a year. This is rather terrifying news for a good many of us who haven't used our eight days a year. Evidently we've got ailments, diseases, operations coming to us before long in abundance.

Many a time and oft have we slammed the preachers. But our hat comes off and our cheers ring loud

when we find 90 per cent of 821 Congregationalist, Presbyterian and Methodist clergymen voting in favor of the organic union of their denominations. What other profession would show so large a proportion of progressives?

Chang has marched out of Peking, and Chiang has marched in. Verily, it is as difficult to distinguish these Chinese fighting lords as it is to distinguish the old emperors of Assyria. What is in a name? Frequently, confusion!

The German flyers, when they were in New York, were presented with a token inscribed, "Saved by the grace of God." We now propose that the monument recently reared in memory of Coli and Nungesser be inscribed, "Lost by the grace of God." We fail to see why God should be credited with all the assets and charged with none of the liabilities.

If bandits and murderers were pursued with half the zeal now spent in running down contributors to political campaign funds, the crime problem in this country would be solved.

J. H. H.

Tolstoy

A Play in Seven Scenes

By Henry Bailey Stevens

"We may salute in Tolstoy the most august and the loftiest thought that today rises above our humanity."
—*Anatole France.*

Dramatis Personae

Count Leo Tolstoy.
Countess Sophie (Sonya) Tolstoy, *his wife.*
Leo, Marya (Masha), Alexandra (Sasha) } *Their children.*
M. Nief, *tutor.*
Serge Petrovich, *footman.*
Syntaye v *herdsman.*
Pavel, *cobbler.*
Prince Obolensky
Schneidemann, *Captain of gendarmes and spy.*
F. A. Strakhov
Byrnes, *a reporter.*
Interpreter
Telegraph Operator
Arinushka, Vasili, Mitenka, Agafya, Ivan and other peasants.
Paupers, Landlord, Policeman, as spectators.

SCENE I

The library at Yasnaya Polyana in the year 1878. At the left the wall is lined with books. Parallel to the wall also runs a full stack of books, extending to the ceiling. A stout beam joins the stack to the wall. Past the shelves at the extreme left front a door leads into the study. An open staircase at the rear right leads up into the zala or living-room, and supporting arches run along the rest of the rear wall. On the right towards the rear a door opens into the rest of the downstairs part of the house. The reading table in the center, the surrounding chairs and even the floor are disordered with books, many of them left open at marked pages. In one of the chairs sits Count Tolstoy, now fifty years of age. He is dressed as in the portrait by Kramskoy, his whiskers still black, his eyes restlessly seeking. He reads avidly for several minutes.

TOLSTOY: You are a fool, Schopenhauer! (*He throws the book into the corner.*)

M. NIEF (*coming downstairs from zala*): Did you speak, sir?

TOLSTOY: I spoke, but it was of no consequence.

NIEF: I beg your pardon, sir.

TOLSTOY (*gathering up a huge armful of books and going to study*): Under no conditions am I to be disturbed. (*Closes door.*)

(*Leo and Masha come down stairs at a gallop.*)

LEO: Come, Mr. Blue. Let's play the Numidian cavalry.

MASHA (*dancing about*): Oh, Mr. Blue! Mr. Blue! You are to jump out at us.

NIEF: Attention, mes enfants. How many times have I told you that I am Monsieur Nief? N-i-e-f, Nief!

LEO: But you look so blue.

MASHA: Oh, let us call you "Mr. Blue."

NIEF: Non, non, I say. I am Monsieur Nief. It ess not propair for you to nickname me.

LEO (mimicking): It ess not propair. Oh, I get sick of hearing that.

NIEF: Leo Leovich! Attention! We will continue our lesson.

(*Serge Petrovich enters with telegrams. Goes to study door as if to knock.*)

LEO (*running after him*): Serge Peter, Serge Peter, the pumpkin-eater!

MASHA: Oh, Serge Petrovich, can I play with your whiskers?

SERGE (*playfully*): Away, cubs, or I will hit you with my paw!

MASHA: Oh, Serge Petrovich is a bear! Serge Petrovich is a bear!

NIEF (*to children*): *Allons! Allons!* (*To Serge*) The Count left strict orders that he is not to be disturbed.

SERGE: Is that why, then, that you have these young hyenas howling at his door! These telegrams may be important. (*He tucks telegrams partly under the study door. As he bends over, Masha gets on his back.*)

NIEF: Come, Marie Leovna!

MASHA: Play bear with us, Serge Petrovich.

SERGE: Be still, child of the devil. You will disturb His Excellency. (*He disentangles himself and runs out at right.*)

NIEF: Marie Leovna! Leo Leovich! Attention!

We will proceed quietly with our lesson. Repeat! *Je suis un Russe.* I-am-a-Russian.

LEO: That is not true. You are a Frenchman, because mama said so.

NIEF: Leo Leovich! You are not to interrupt. It ees not propair.

LEO: You are funny! Why do you say "ees"?

NIEF: Attention! Repeat! *Je suis un Russe.*

LEO: *Je suis un Russe.*

NIEF: Correct! Now say: *Mon pere est le Comte de Tolstoy.*

MASHA: Why, Mr. Blue! That's not so. He is not your father.

LEO: You wish your father was a count, don't you?

NIEF: Silence! Now, repeat as I tell you.

MASHA: But, Mr. Blue, how can we be silent and repeat?

NIEF: Marie Leovna! Repeat: *Mon pere est le comte de Tolstoy.*

MASHA: *Mon pere est la Comte de Tolstaya.*

NIEF: *Non! Ma mere est la Contesse de Tolstaya. Mon pere est le Comte de Tolstoy.*

LEO: Oh, I think French is stupid.

NIEF: Repeat!

MASHA: *Mon pere est le comte de Tolstoy.*

NIEF: Correct! Now, *dites moi,* Leo Leovich: how ees one to eat hees deener?

LEO (*quickly*): When I eat dinner, I use my fork —so. (*He illustrates.*)

NIEF: Good! Marie Leovna, how ees one to do when one meets a grown-up person?

MASHA: When I meet a grown-up person, I do this. (*She curtseys.*)

NIEF: A leetle more like this, Marie Leovna. (*As he shows her, Tolstoy opens study door and comes out. Nief changes his manner.*) Oh, I ask your pardon, sir. Serge Petrovich brought you telegrams. I told heem—

TOLSTOY: I am not concerned with telegrams. I want a drink of water. (*As he strides out at right, the children run after him.*)

LEO: Papa, play the Numidian cavalry with us!

MASHA: Oh, Papa, please! (*They go out.*)

NIEF: *Les petits diables!* (*He runs his fingers through his hair, and then realizing that he has disarranged it, he hurries to mirror at rear and readjusts it. He surveys himself with pleasure*): *Ah, mon cher,* you are not such an eel-looking gentleman, *n'est-ce pas?*

(*Tolstoy and children reappear. Nief jumps at attention.*)

TOLSTOY (*to children*): Stop! (*They obey his thundering command at once, running to the opposite side of the room as he points*): Do you know your catechism?

LEO: Yes, papa.

MASHA: I do, too.

TOLSTOY: It is most important, Monsieur Nief, that they know their catechism.

NIEF: I understand, sir.

TOLSTOY: It is much more important than learning (*he gesticulates*) *comme il faut.* (*As Masha puts up her hand*): What is it, Masha?

MASHA: Papa, won't you recite Dr. Hup- (*stuttering*) Dr. Huppen for us?

TOLSTOY: What pests they are! (*He modifies his severity, and his serious manner relaxes somewhat, although it is clear that his mind is still bent in another direction.*) Oh, well! Mind you, no more teasing. (*Reciting.*)

Doctor, Doctor Hupfenzeller,
Haf some pity on a feller:
First, I mustn't eat all day,
Denn he take my pipe away;
Whoa! whoa! Who-a-a!

(*At the last line he holds his hands out as though he were driving horses, and runs into the study, his manner gradually assuming its former seriousness. He closes the door quickly without peying any attention to the telegrams.*)

MASHA (*who has been in a paroxysm of delight*): Oh, goody!

LEO (*reciting*):

Doctor, Doctor Hupfenzeller,
Haf some pity—

NIEF: Enough! Attention, *mes enfants!* We will now take up the catechism. Who made the world?

LEO: God made the world.

NIEF: Who is God?

MASHA: God is a spirit, inf-in-fin-ite-ly perfect—

(*Countess Tolstoy comes down the stairs from the zala. She is seventeen years younger than her husband, and has an executive bearing. In one hand are several galleys of proof.*)

COUNTESS: I thought I heard Leo Nikolaevich. Was he not here?

NIEF: He remained only for a moment, madame, to play with the children. He ees in his study. It ees his wish not to be disturbed.

LEO: Mama, I can say it. (Reciting.) Doctor, Doctor Hupfenzeller—

COUNTESS: That will do, my dear. Monsieur Nief, I think you had better continue the recitations in the zala.

NIEF: As you wish, madame.

COUNTESS: By the way, I hope that you are paying particular attention to their manners. It is most important that they know how to behave themselves in good society.

NIEF: That is my specialty, madame.

COUNTESS: Run along, children. (*To Nief*): Please tell Ustyusha to let me know the instant the baby wakes up. (*As they go up-stairs, she rings the bell.*)

SERGE (*at right*): Did you ring, madame?

COUNTESS: Tell Nikolai that we will have cutlets for dinner, and that he may make the children some cakes.

SERGE: Yes, madame. (*He hesitates.*) There were some telegrams, madame. I put them under the door.

COUNTESS: Thank you, Serge Petrovich. (*He goes out. She tiptoes to study door.*) Leo Nikolayevich! (*Tenderly*) Lyovitchka! *She pick up telegrams, opens one and reads. Then more excitedly*): Lyovotchka! (*She opens the other and becomes even more agitated. Pounds now on the door.*) Lyovotchka! Please open.

(*Tolstoy opens the door. He has a wild, intensely serious manner.*)

COUNTESS (*jubilantly*): There is a telegram here from Mikhailovsky asking most earnestly for a new novel. Moscow, he says, is wild over "Anna Karenina." And, Lyovotchka, what do you think? Here is another telegram from a London publisher offering a hundred thousand rubles for the English copyright.

TOLSTOY (*abstractedly*): I am glad if it pleases you. (*He crosses to table.*)

COUNTESS: And Lyovotchka, in the mail this morning Polonsky sends a letter from Turgenieff in Paris. Listen to what he says (*reading*): "I am considered an artist, but what am I worth when compared to Tolstoy?" Do you hear, my dear? (*reading again*): "He has no equal in European literature." Is that not the heighth of success—beyond our fondest dreams?

TOLSTOY: It may be it is the depth of success.

COUNTESS: He wants to know when you will have a new novel. All Paris, he says, is waiting—what is the matter, Lyovotchka? (*He does not answer.*) Tell me what it is that is troubling you.

TOLSTOY: You know what it is, Sonya.

COUNTESS: I do not know. Your eyes are fixed and strange. You hardly speak. Usually when proof comes, you mark it till it is almost illegible and I have to spend the night copying it off; but this proof is almost as clean as when it left the printer's shop. You are not yourself with the children. You do not even trouble to open a telegram. Tell me, what is the matter?

TOLSTOY: I am looking for something that I do not find.

COUNTESS: Won't you tell me about it? (*He is silent.*) Oh, Lyovotchka, give up this endless searching. No good can come of it. Stepan is here. Why do you not go out shooting with him?

TOLSTOY: Shooting? You do not know what you say.

COUNTESS: It would do you good to get out.

TOLSTOY: I would only be running away from this thing that strangles me. And I could not run away if I would. I have tried. It would go with me; and when I came back, it would have me even more tightly by the throat. No, Sonya, it is not my body that is at fault. I am healthy. I am strong.

COUNTESS: What shall we tell them about the new novel? I ought not to delay longer in sending word. (*When he remains silent, she goes over and shakes him.*) Lyovotchka, what shall we tell them?

TOLSTOY (*swallowing and getting up*): Tell them that I shall waste my time no more.

COUNTESS: Lyovotchka, think! What is this nonsense?

TOLSTOY: At least that is clear. I will waste my time no more.

COUNTESS: You are at the height of your career. Even Turgenieff yields you the palm. All Europe is coming to recognize you. You must shake off this madness.

TOLSTOY: Well, what if I should become more famous than Gogol, than Pushkin, Shakespeare, Moliere —than all the writers of the world? What then? What would it matter?

COUNTESS: What would it matter? You are mad.

TOLSTOY: No, I am not mad. I am at last sane. Does it matter if the leisurely ladies of the educated classes read my books for a few years—or even for a few centuries, heave their breasts, and sigh, and exclaim: "Ah, that Tolstoy! He understood life." Pah! I do not understand life. And what is more, I do not understand Death. And in all these books I have found no one who does.

COUNTESS: You must not fail the people. They look to you as a leader.

TOLSTOY: Well, if they do, that is all the more reason why I should say nothing unless it is worth saying. I will give them no more drivel.

COUNTESS: You should be ashamed.

TOLSTOY: If life is a riddle and I cannot solve it, I will not pretend at wisdom.

COUNTESS: Oh, Lyovotchka, we must have faith.

TOLSTOY: Faith! In what shall I put my faith? I have tried to put it in the teachings of the Church—to have faith in something, even as other men. Only this morning I told Nief to take pains with the children's catechism; but if he had turned and asked me why, I could not have answered him. As soon as I had reached my study, I felt myself a hypocrite. I would like them to have faith. But the old faith does not satisfy me. Good God! What is my reason for if I am not to use it? If I am to have faith in words, the words must make sense.

COUNTESS: Are you not sacrilegious?

TOLSTOY: I do not know. I am truthful at least. And I will tell you that I am like the traveler in the old Eastern fable who was attacked by a wild beast. To save himself he gets into a waterless well; but at the bottom of it he sees a dragon with its jaws wide open to devour him. He dares not get out for fear of the beast above, and he dares not descend for fear of the dragon below; so he catches hold of a branch of a wild plant that is growing in a crevice of the well. His arms grow tired, and he feels that he must soon perish, death awaiting him in either hand, but he still holds on; and he sees two mice, one black and one white, gradually making their way around the stem of the wild plant on which he is hanging, nibbling it through. The plant will soon give way and break off, and he will fall into the jaws of the dragon. The traveler sees this, and knows that he must inevitably perish, but while still hanging, he looks around him, and finding some drops of honey on the leaves of the wild plant, he stretches out his tongue and licks them. Thus do I cling to the branch of life, knowing that the dragon of death inevitably awaits me, ready to tear me to pieces, and I cannot understand why such terrors have fallen to my lot. I also strive to suck the honey which once comforted me, but this honey no longer satisfies. And all the time the white mouse and the black, the white day and the black night, gnaw through the branch to which I cling. I see the dragon plainly, and the honey is no longer sweet. And I cannot turn my eyes away. This is no fable, Sonya, but a living, undeniable truth.

COUNTESS: You frighten me, Leo Nikolayevitch. Think of me and the children.

TOLSTOY: Ah, Sonya, do you understand what the honey was? The two drops which more than anything else have drawn my eyes away from the cruel truth were my love for my family and for my writings.

COUNTESS: And you say they are no longer sweet?

TOLSTOY: My family! They too are human beings. They are in the same situation as myself. Why should they live? Why should I love them, care for them, bring them up and watch over them? To bring them on the one hand to an ignorance which I despise or on the other to the same despair which fills myself? As I love them, I cannot conceal the truth. Below them, too, the dragon is waiting.

COUNTESS: Oh, Lyovotchka, Lyovotchka, I do not understand. (*She weeps.*)

TOLSTOY: At least let us speak no more of writing novels. That is not a way in which I wish to pass my time.

COUNTESS: It is terrible. I do not understand.

(*From above an old woman's voice can be heard calling):* Sophie Andreevna! Sophie Andreevna! The baby is awake! (*The Countess with an effort stops crying, and starts up the stairs.*)

COUNTESS: I must get hold of myself. (*Suddenly she turns and running back throws her arms around her husband.*) Oh, Lyovotchka, let us go to Moscow. It is time for Seryozha to enter the University and for Tanya to go into the society in which she belongs. And we must see more to Ilya's education. It is too difficult here, living in the country. Lyovotchka, say that we will go.

TOLSTOY: I will see, Sonya. I will see.

(*The voice is heard again from above, calling):* Sophie Andreevna! Sophie Andreevna!

COUNTESS: I am coming, Ustyusha. (*She goes.*)

TOLSTOY: Ah, Sonya, so you would run away. Well, I do not blame you. But you were wrong to suggest shooting. I might have made a mistake in what I shot at. (*He sits down, then suddenly gets up and going over to the corner picks up the books that he had thrown there. Reads:)*

"That we so fear annihilation, or, what is the same, that we so wish to live, only shows that we ourselves are nothing but that wish—life—and know nothing beyond it." In other words, life is what it ought not to be, an evil; and a passage from it into nothingness is the only good in life. I did wrong to call you a fool, Schopenhauer. (*He puts the book on the table carefully.*) Solomon said much the same thing. (*He picks up another book at a marked passage and reads.*)

"And I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly . . . And I myself perceived also that one event happeneth to them all. Then I said in my heart, 'As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me'; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart that this also is vanity." (*Puts book down.*) And Sakya Muni, the young Indian prince, who went out for a drive and saw for the first time a dead man, he also understood. (*He picks up another book and reads):* " 'What will become of him'? asked the prince. He was told that the body would be buried in the earth. 'Why?' 'Because he will never be alive again, and only stench and worms can come from him. 'And that is the lot of all men? It will be so with me? I shall be put under the ground to stink and have worms come from me?' 'Yes.' 'Then back!' said the prince. 'I will not go for the drive, and never will go again.' " (*Puts book down.*) I too will go for no more drives when that is what I see

(*He rushes into the study, and comes out with a stout rope. Going between the book shelves he throws the rope over the connecting beam. He stands for a moment irresolute with the rope in his hands.*)

I am convinced. Life is an evil. It is an absurdity. It is a joke played upon us. I ask all the philosophers that have ever lived: "What is the meaning of my life?" They can answer nothing satisfactorily. It has no meaning. I ask: "What will come of my life?" They can answer nothing. I ask: "Why does all that is exist, and why do I exist?" And they can only answer: "Because it does exist."

I turn to science, and it gives me a lot of exact answers to questions that I never asked: about the chemical elements in the stars, about the movement of the sun, about the infinitely small and imponderable particles of ether; but when I pin it down and ask it what is the meaning of my life, it can only say: "You are what you call your life; that is, a temporary and accidental agglomeration of particles. The mutual action and reaction of these particles on one another has produced what you call your life. This agglomeration of particles will continue during a certain time, then the reciprocal action of these particles will cease, and with it will end what you call your life, and with it will end all your questions as well. You are an accidental lump of something."

Well, I can cease to be a lump of something. (*He puts the rope about his neck.*) I can play a joke, too. I can step out of the evil that is life into the good that is death.

(*From upstairs can be heard the voices of the children playing. He hesitates. He stops.*)

That is what I would do if I were a strong man, if I were not a weakling.

(*Then he pulls the rope back, and slowly hides it away in the study. Comes back.*)

No. That cannot be the answer. (*Goes to table.*) I must think harder. (*After a moment.*) There is one more place to look.

(*Curtain.*)

[Scene II next issue.]

Jesus

Not a king on a throne
  In whose presence we bend
Our deep homage to pay;
  Not a king; but a friend.

Not a miracle-man
  Turning water to wine;
But a friend who sat down
  With the sinners to dine.

Not a crucified God
  Who to heav'n did ascend,
There to reign in great might;
  Not a God; but a friend.

A friend kind and tender,
  With a light in his eyes;
Who welcomed the lowly,
  Who talked with the wise.

Who blessed little children
  And watched them at play;
Who heartened the sick
  At the close of the day.

Such a friend needs no crown,
  Needs no magic to prove
The divineness of man
  When his life is all love.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyright, 1928)

PART IV—CHAPTERS XXXIX AND XL

A Spiritual Dilemma

As soon as the news reached South Africa that I along with other Indians had offered my services in the War, I received two cables. One of these was from Mr. Polak who questioned the consistency of my action with my profession of *ahimsa*.

I had to a certain extent anticipated this objection, for I had discussed the question in my *Hind Swaraj* ("Indian Home Rule"), and used to discuss it day in and day out with friends in South Africa. All of us recognized the immorality of war. If I was not prepared to prosecute my assailant, much less should I be willing to participate in a war, especially when I knew nothing of the justice or otherwise of the cause of the combatants. Friends of course knew that I had previously served in the Boer war, but they assumed that my views had since undergone a change.

As a matter of fact the very same line or argument that persuaded me to take part in the Boer war had weighed with me on this occasion. It was quite clear to me that participation in war could never be consistent with *ahimsa*. But it is not always given to one to be equally clear about one's duty. A votary of truth is often obliged to grope in the dark.

Ahimsa is a comprehensive principle. We are helpless mortals caught in the conflagration of *himsa*. The saying that life lives on life has a deep meaning about it. Man cannot for a moment live without consciously or unconsciously committing outward *himsa*. The very fact of his living—eating, drinking and moving about—necessarily involves some *himsa*, destruction of life, be it ever so minute. A votary of *ahimsa* therefore remains true to his faith if the spring of all his actions is compassion, if he shuns to the best of his ability the destruction of the tiniest creature, tries to save it and thus incessantly strives to be free from the deadly coil of *himsa*. He will be constantly growing in self-restraint and compassion, but he can never become entirely free from outward *himsa*.

Then again because underlying *ahimsa* is the unity of all life, the error of one cannot but affect all, and hence man cannot be wholly free from *himsa*. So long as he continues to be a social being, he cannot but participate in the *himsa* that the very existence of society involves. When two nations are fighting, the duty of a votary of *ahimsa* is to stop the war. He who is not equal to that duty, he who has no power of resisting war, he who is not qualified to resist war, may take part in war, and yet whole-heartedly try to free himself, his nation, and the world from war.

I had hoped to improve my status and that of my people through the British Empire. Whilst in England I was enjoying the protection of the British Fleet, and taking as I did shelter under its armed might, I was directly participating in its potential violence. Therefore if I desired to retain my connection with the Empire and to live under its banner, one of three courses was open to me: I could declare open resistance against the war, and in accordance with the law of Satyagraha, boycott the Empire until it changed its military policy, or I could seek imprisonment by civil disobedience of such of its laws as were fit to be disobeyed, or I could participate in the war on the side of the Empire and thereby acquire the capacity and fitness for resisting the violence of war. I lacked this capacity and fitness, so I thought there was nothing for it but for me to serve in the War.

I make no distinction, from the point of view of *ahimsa*, between combatants and non-combatants. He who volunteers to serve a band of dacoits, by working as their carrier, or their watchman while they are about their business, or their nurse when they are wounded, is as much guilty of dacoity as the dacoits themselves. In the same way those who confine themselves to attending to the wounded in battle cannot be absolved from the guilt of war.

I had argued the whole thing out to myself in this manner, before I received Polak's cable, and soon after its receipt, I discussed these views with several friends and concluded that it was my duty to offer to serve in the War. Even today I see no flaw in that line of argument, nor am I sorry for my action, holding as I then did views favorable to the British connection.

I know that even then I could not carry conviction with all my friends about the correctness of my position. The question is a subtle one. It admits of differences of opinion, and therefore I have submitted my argument as clearly as possible to those who believe in *ahimsa* and who are making serious efforts to practice it in every walk of life. A devotee of truth may not do anything in deference to convention. He must always hold himself open to correction, and whenever he discovers himself to be wrong must confess and atone for it.

Miniature Satyagraha

Though I thus took part in the War as a matter of duty, as luck would have it, I was not only unable directly to participate in it, but was actually compelled to offer what may be called miniature Satyagraha even at that critical juncture.

I have already said that an officer was appointed to be in charge of our training, as soon as our names were approved and enlisted. We were all under the impression that this Commanding Officer was to be our chief only so far as technical matters were concerned, and that in all other matters I was the head of our Corps which was directly responsible to me in matters of internal discipline; that is to say, the Commanding Officer had to deal with the Corps through me. But from the first the officer left us under no delusion.

Mr. Sorabji Adajania was a shrewd man. He warned me. "Beware of this man," he said. "He seems inclined to lord it over us. We will have none of his orders. We are prepared to look upon him as our instructor. But the youngsters he has appointed to instruct us also feel as though they had come as our masters."

These youngsters were Oxford students who had come to instruct us and whom the Commanding Officer had appointed to be our section leaders.

I also had not failed to notice the high-handedness of the Commanding Officer, but I asked Sorabji not

to be anxious and tried to pacify him. But he was not the man to be easily convinced.

"You are too trusting. These people will deceive you with wretched words, and when at last you see through them, you will ask us to resort to Satyagraha and so come to grief and bring us all to grief along with you," said he with a smile.

"What else but grief can you hope to come to by having cast in your lot with me?" said I. "A Satyagrahi is born to be deceived. Let the Commanding Officer deceive us. Have I not told you times without number that ultimately a deceiver deceives himself?"

Sorabji gave a loud laugh. "Well, then," said he, "continue to be deceived. You will some day meet your death in Satyagraha and drag poor mortals like me behind you."

These words put me in mind of what the late Miss Emily Hobhouse wrote to me with regard to non-co-operation: "I should not be surprised if one of these days you have to go to the gallows for the sake of truth. May God show you the right path and protect you."

The talk with Sorabji took place just after the appointment of the Commanding Officer. In a very few days our relations reached the breaking point. I had hardly regained my strength after the fourteen days' fast, when I began to take part in the drill, often walking to the appointed place about two miles from home. This gave me pleurisy and laid me prostrate. In this condition I had to go week-end camping. Whilst the other stays there, I returned home. It was here that an occasion arose for Satyagraha.

The Commanding Officer began to exercise his authority somewhat freely. He gave us clearly to understand that he was our head in all matters, military and non-military, giving us at the same time a taste of his authority. Sorabji hurried to me. He was not at all prepared to put up with this high-handedness. He said: "We must have all orders through you. We are still in the training camp and all sorts of absurd orders are being issued. Invidious distinctions are made between ourselves and those youths who have been appointed to instruct us. We must have it out with the Commanding Officer, otherwise we shall not be able to go on any longer. The Indian students and others who have joined our Corps are not going to abide by any absurd orders. In a case which has been taken up for the sake of self-respect, it is unthinkable to put up with loss of it."

I approached the Commanding Officer and drew his attention to the complaints I had received. He wrote asking me to set out the complaints in writing, at the same time asking me "to impress upon those who complain that the proper direction in which to make complaints is to me through their section commanders, who will inform me through the instructors."

To this I replied saying that I claimed no authority, that in the military sense I was no more than any other private, but that I had believed that as Chairman of the Volunteer Corps, I would unofficially be allowed to act as their representative. I also set out the grievances and requests that had been brought to my notice, namely, that grievous dissatisfaction had been caused by the appointment of section leaders without reference to the feeling of the members of the Corps; that they be recalled, and the Corps be invited to elect section leaders, subject to the Commander's approval.

This did not appeal to the Commanding Officer who said it was repugnant to all military discipline that the section leaders should be elected by the Corps, and that the recall of appointments already made would be subversive of all discipline.

So we held a meeting and decided upon withdrawal, I brought home to the members the serious consequences of Satyagraha. But a very large majority voted for the resolution which was to the effect that unless the appointments of Corporals already made were recalled and the members of the Corps given an opportunity of electing their own Corporals, the members would be obliged to abstain from further drilling and week-end camping.

I then addressed a letter to the Commanding Officer telling him what a severe disappointment to me his letter rejecting my suggestion had been. I assured him that I was not fond of any exercise of authority and that I was most anxious to serve. I also drew his attention to a precedent. I pointed out that although I occupied no official rank in the South African Indian Ambulance Corps, at the time of the Boer War, there was never a hitch between Colonel Gallwey and the Corps, and the Colonel never took a step without reference to me with a view to ascertain the wishes of the Corps. I also enclosed a copy of the resolution we had passed the previous evening.

This had no good effect on the Officer who felt that the meeting and the resolution were a grave breach of discipline.

Hereupon I addressed a letter to the Secretary of State for India acquainting him with all the facts and enclosing a copy of the resolution. He replied explaining that conditions in South Africa were different, and drawing my attention to the fact that under the rules the section commanders were appointed by the Commanding Officer, but assuring me that in future when appointing section commanders, the Commanding Officer would consider my recommendations.

A good deal of correspondence passed between us after this, but I do not want to prolong the bitter tale. Suffice it to say that my experience was of a piece with the experiences we daily have in India. What with threats and what with adroitness the Commanding Officer succeeded in creating a division in our Corps. Some of those who had voted for the resolution yielded to the Commander's threats or persuasions and went back on their promise.

About this time an unexpectedly large contingent of wounded soldiers arrived at the Netley Hospital and the services of our Corps were requisitioned. Those whom the Commanding Officer could persuade went to Netley. The others refused to go. I was on my back, but was in communication with the members of the Corps. Mr. Roberts, the Under-secretary of State, honoured me with many a call during those days. He insisted on my persuading the others to serve. He suggested that they should form a separate Corps, and that at the Netley Hospital they could be responsible only to the Commanding Officer there, so that there would be no question of loss of self-respect and Government would be placated, and at the same time helpful service would be rendered. This suggestion appealed both to my companions and to me with the result that those who had stayed away also went to Netley.

Only I remained away, lying on my back and making the best of a bad job.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Study Table

On the Battlefront of Freedom

Here* is a great book. How we have enjoyed reading it! "Let Freedom Ring" contains every element to make a volume interesting—and *important!* For Mr. Hays's work is something more and better than merely amusing, dramatic, fascinating, thrilling reading. It is a record, of historic proportion and emphasis, drawn from first-hand experience, of what has been happening in late years in this "land of the free." We think we have freedom in America. And so we do, when nobody wants to use it for any vital purpose. But when freedom really matters—when truth is denied, and justice outraged, and the weak manhandled by the strong—then the very freedom which can alone save us is denied. It is available always—except when needed; it is the possession of everybody—except those who want it!

Gradually, slowly (says Mr. Hays,) the foundations of our institutions, the ideals for which America stands, the rights guaranteed to the citizen in the Constitution, are slipping away. There is no such thing as freedom of speech or assemblage concerning any subject that really matters. . . . Today you can talk on any subject you please in Tennessee, except religion; in California, except the I. W. W.; in Boston, except the Sacco-Vanzetti case; in any place, except on a subject which, as a burning issue, would most profit by untrammeled discussion. Speech and assemblage are free in New Jersey, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, except to union men in time of strike. If you talk labor unionism then, you land in jail. I know it because I've tried it and I landed in jail.

When reading the above sweeping assertion, a 100 per cent American patriot might sneer, "For instance!" Well, here's the instance—one, two, three, four, five, six of them as major instances, with innumerable other minor instances sifted in, by way of reference and illustration, for good measure. What Mr. Hays, a distinguished and fearless New York lawyer, of the Clarence Darrow type, what he has done in this book is to take six famous legal battles for the elementary constitutional rights to liberty in this country, battles in which he himself was engaged as an attorney as well as enlisted as a man and citizen, and tell the stories of what happened. The cases begin with the hilarious slapstick farce of the "monkey-trial" in Dayton, Tennessee, and end with the Aeschylian tragedy of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial in Massachusetts. In between, the cases run from the high comedy of the *American Mercury* case in Boston and "The Captive" case in New York, to the detective thrills of the Sweet murder trials in Detroit, and the gallant personal adventures of the Vintondale case in the coal mining regions of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Hays has every quality for the telling of these stories with a maximum of effectiveness. In the first place, he knows the facts, since he gathered them and handled them at first hand. His volume, therefore, is a source-book of the first importance in the history of the cause of liberty in these United States. Secondly, Mr. Hays commands a pungent, "peppy," vivid, and always clear style of presentation. The legal aspects of these cases are always well to the front, but the story interest is never sacrificed. Again, the author has a keen and abundant sense of humor, and hence misses nothing of the ridiculous and ironical which appeared even in the most tragic of the trials. Anything funnier than his account of the Dayton trial we have not read in years! Lastly, and fundamentally, Mr. Hays has a sense of indignation, of wrath against injustice and oppression, and thus suffuses his book throughout with the burning passion of a great cause. Here is a lawyer who is a crusader—a man of the Wendell Phillips type, who flames at the sight of wrong, and girds on his sword to do it battle. Mr. Hays informs us, amuses us, thrills us—but at bottom he stirs us to conviction that the fight for freedom is still on in this country. It is a sluggish soul which will not be kindled by reading this book.

It gives us joy to append herewith the dedicatory inscription of Mr. Hays's volume:

Dedicated
to
Three Musketeers of Freedom
Clarence Darrow
Oswald Garrison Villard
Roger N. Baldwin

We recall that the "three musketeers" were accompanied always by a fourth comrade—d'Artagnan. In this case, d'Artagnan is Arthur Garfield Hays himself. While such men live, freedom lives also!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Let Freedom Ring," by Arthur Garfield Hays. Published by Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Enrichment of New Testament Scholarship

George Holley Gilbert, who made some stir in the local theological world at the time of his retirement from the Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational), has been living in Vermont and enriching American scholarship by some of the most interesting and readable of modern works in New Testament criticism. Of these his popular "Jesus" (Macmillan, 1912) did great service for general readers by discriminating far more clearly than did most books between the legendary and the factual elements in the gospel story, and his recent "Jesus and His Bible" set the Scriptures as a whole in a new light.

The present volume* attempts, with complete success, to separate the accretion of Greek thought and expression in the New Testament from what is original and Hebraic, especially from what is the contribution of Jesus himself. The opening chapter is an illuminating account, which will have the freshness of novelty to many readers, of how the supposedly closed world of Judaism was open at a thousand points to Greek influences. Since every book in the New Testament was written in Greek, the very transition of Jesus' gospel from his vernacular to that of the classic world meant a subtle transformation. But of course the influences went far deeper than this, and with skilful hand Dr. Gilbert goes through the whole New Testament material, separating the two alien strands. In the end, every reader will see clearly that they are two; some readers may not feel so strongly as does Dr. Gilbert that they are alien. But no one can work through the process of discrimination under this competent guidance without enriching very greatly his understanding of the primitive church and its writings.

C. R. BOWEN.

*Greek Thought in the New Testament. By George Holley Gilbert. New York. The Macmillan Co. 1928. Price $1.75.

Correspondence

In Reply to Mrs. O'Hare

Editor of UNITY:

It is not my desire to prolong a controversy, but the letter by Mrs. O'Hare in the issue of May 7 warrants a brief answer, especially considering that she began it. It is astonishing that she indicts Mrs. King and myself for not sending our answers to her attack before UNITY printed them. She did not submit her original attack to us before sending it to UNITY. She was under no obligation to do so; neither were we, but she now writes as though we are the accusers and not the accused.

Permit me to recall that in her letter which appeared in UNITY of May 16, 1927, Mrs. O'Hare made the sweeping assertion that the Socialist Party did nothing for her when she was on trial and when she was in prison. She particularized as follows: (1) the Socialist Party raised no funds for her defense; (2) no representative of the party visited her in prison; (3) Prof. Zeuch and the Church Federation of Chicago obtained the data which secured her release; (4) she was excommunicated by a national Socialist convention.

In her recent letter she finally admits that George E. Roewer, who was sent by us to North Dakota to get evidence that would aid in obtaining her release, did render her aid, but she attempts to minimize the importance of Mr. Roewer's work. The answer to her assertion is her own telegram to Mr. Roewer which she sent to him from St. Louis May 31, 1920, upon her return home from prison. It reads as follows:

"Dear George: The united O'Hare family sends you all loving greetings. No sentences we can frame can express the depth of appreciation we have for your masterly work and amazing rapid results. The O'Hares."

Her own telegram is a complete answer to Mrs. O'Hare's assertions. Comment may be left to the reader.

No party official visited her in prison. In the Bulletin, published by the party, issue of May 1, 1920, page 8, is a report by National Secretary Branstetter that he had just returned from a visit to Mrs. O'Hare in prison where he had consulted with her regarding the use of the Roewer affidavits. Mrs. O'Hare was free before the end of the month. She apparently has a very defective memory.

We raised no funds for her and spent none for her. In the same issue of The Bulletin is a financial report of the National Secretary, page 7, showing receipts of $578.40 credited to the "Kate O'Hare Fund." In the Eye Opener, a party monthly, issue of July, 1919, No. 10, is a financial statement showing payment of $400 to Chester Crum whom Mrs. O'Hare admits in her latest letter had served her in a legal capacity. There are other items paid out to Seymour Stedman, part of which were legal expenses for the defense of Mrs. O'Hare and scattered through a number of financial reports.

We are said to have ignored her in many other ways. The same number of the Eye Opener on page 4 carries three columns of an announcment of a pamphlet published by the National Office bearing the title, "Debs and O'Hare in Prison." Of all the political prisoners we tried to help, Mrs. O'Hare is the only one that we singled out for special mention with Eugene V. Debs. That pamphlet was widely distributed. Again Mrs. O'Hare's memory is at fault.

Page 5 of the same issue is entirely taken up with the O'Hare case. It recites her sufferings in prison, being one of a number of letters which she wrote to her husband, and carries an appeal of her husband which runs over on page 6. Nearly half of page 5 is taken up with a blank collection list upon which readers were urged to collect funds for all political prisoners, but Mrs. O'Hare and Mr. Debs alone are again singled out for special mention on this blank. Similar O'Hare matter will be found in The Bulletin for June 15, 1919, and June 1, 1920, and the Eye Opener for June, 1919, No. 9. These are stray copies which had accumulated in my hands and a complete file will show that the O'Hare case was not neglected in any way.

Readers may observe that in her latest letter Mrs. O'Hare inadvertently admits what I said in my first reply. That is, that she and her husband organized committees outside of the Socialist Party to work for her release exclusively. She mentions a New York committee in charge of Helen Holman. Similar committees were organized in Philadelphia and other cities. Neither Mr. Debs nor any other political prisoner to my knowledge organized committees for themselves exclusively. Mrs. O'Hare alone has this distinction.

It is hardly necessary for me to deny Mrs. O'Hare's assertion that the answers written by Mrs. King and myself to her first attack were "gutter scandalmongering." If they had been of that type they would never have been accepted by the editor.

On the other hand I must express my resentment at Mrs. O'Hare's assertion that some mysterious person who is a "dictator" in the Socialist Party took the view that her arrest and imprisonment "was a divine dispensation which he accepted with 'Christian resignation.'" This is a terrible accusation and if there was any truth in it that person deserves to be exposed to the execration of decent men and women.

She might just as well have been frank enough to state that she means Mr. Morris Hillquit. Any human being acquainted with Mr. Hillquit knows that such conduct cannot be reconciled with his character. Moreover, during most of the period in which Mrs. O'Hare assumes that Mr. Hillquit took sardonic satisfaction in her unjust persecution Mr. Hillquit was lying near death at a sanitarium in the Adirondack Mountains.

Finally, I may add that we have a clue, or what appears to be a clue, to Mrs. O'Hare's strange lapse of memory regarding what the Socialist Party did for her when in trouble. She had been doing some work for the very conservative United Garment Workers and reported to the convention of that union in April, 1926. In that report she declared that her Socialism was not of the radical type, that she was a "fairly reliable and stable and in no sense a 'dangerous person.'" The whole trend of her words is to apologize for her Socialism. But it will also be remembered that she claimed to have been excommunicated by a Socialist Party convention. This Mrs. King and myself denied, pointing out that our conventions have no such power. In this report to the United Garment Workers she gives another version of her leaving the party. "I severed my connection with the Socialist Party in 1922," she reported, "not because I changed my views in the least, but because I felt it had served its purpose, since the fundamentals of our teachings had become a part of American psychology." Not a word about being "excommunicated."

But enough. If I thought that Mrs. O'Hare was a general type of what may be expected of many who had become prominent in the Good Cause I would give up in despair. My faith and hope are not disturbed because of our unfortunate experience with her.

JAMES ONEAL.

New York City.

[This letter closes this controversy so far as the columns of UNITY are concerned.—Editors.]

The Moonlit Sea

O starry skies, O dark enshadowed sea,
I gaze upon thy splendors in the light
Cast by a silver moon, which fair and bright,
Shines on the earth; my soul is near to thee.
Thus when the tempest roars, and wind and waves
Break on the shore, and rolling thunder raves,
And lightning flashes, and upon my cheek
The cooling raindrops beat, I do not seek
Escape from nature's forces in retreat,
As often her rough moods are also mine.
Let wild winds buffet me, and on me beat,
For when with nature then I most incline
To face life's storms, for I seek no release,
As from the tempest often springeth peace.

FREDERICK R. BROWN.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A NEW DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN

At an All-Parties' Conference held in India last month, the following report on a "Declaration of Rights" was considered for inclusion in a Constitution representing the united demands of all Indians:

"It is recommended that the following articles should be incorporated in the Constitution as "the fundamental rights of the people":—

1. All powers of Government and all authority, legislative, executive and judicial, are derived from the people, and the same shall be exercised in the Commonwealth of India through the organizations established by or under, and in accord with, this constitution.

2. No person shall be deprived of his liberty nor shall his dwelling or property be entered, sequestered or confiscated, save in accordance with law.

3. Freedom of conscience and the free profession and practice of religion are, subject to public order or morality, hereby guaranteed to every person.

4. The right of free expression of opinion, as well as the right to assemble peaceably and without arms, and to form associations or unions, is hereby guaranteed for purposes not opposed to public order or morality, or the law relating to defamation for the time being.

5. All citizens in the Commonwealth of India have the right to free elementary education, and such right shall be enforceable as soon as due arrangements shall have been made by competent authority.

6. All citizens are equal before the law and possess equal civic rights.

7. There shall be no penal law whether substantive or procedural of a discriminative nature.

8. Every citizen shall have the right to a writ of habeas corpus. Such rights shall not be suspended except by an Act of the Central Legislature in case of war or rebellion.

9. No person shall be punished for any act which was not punishable under the law at the time it was committed.

10. No corporal or other punishment involving torture of any kind shall be lawful.

11. There shall be no state religion for the Commonwealth of India or for any province in the Commonwealth, nor shall the State either directly or indirectly endow any religion or give any preference or impose any disability on account of religious belief or religious status.

12. No person attending any school, receiving State or other public money shall be compelled to attend the religious instruction that may be given in the school.

13. No citizen shall by reason of his religion, caste or creed be prejudiced in any way in regard to public employment, office of power or honour and the exercise of any trade or calling.

14. Every citizen shall have the right to keep and bear arms in accordance with regulations made in that behalf.

15. Men and women shall have equal rights as citizens.

The committee also decided to recommend the inclusion of the following articles dealing with "The Rights of Labour and Peasantry":—

1. Freedom of combination and association for the maintenance and improvement of labour and economic conditions is guaranteed to every one and for all occupations. All agreements and measures tending to restrict or obstruct such freedom are illegal.

2. No breach of contract or service or abetment thereof shall be made a criminal offence.

The Committee further agreed to recommend that—

1. Parliament shall make suitable laws for the maintenance of health and fitness for work of all citizens, securing of a living wage for every worker, the protection of motherhood, welfare of children, and the economic consequences of old age, infirmity and unemployment.

2. Parliament shall also make laws to ensure fair rent and fixity of tenure to agricultural tenants.

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Monthly News Sheet

Germany

Church and War.

A teacher named Reichard gave an address to the District Synod, at Naumburg, on the theme set by the Consistory Court: "What Patriotic Duties Must the Evangelical Church Enjoin on the Consciences of Its Flock?" The lecture was based on the thesis that "the District Synod recognizes as patriotic duties the conversion to Christianity and the improvement of morals of the unchristian State. Consequently, basing the argument on the Gospels, we have the battle against the unchristian idea of democracy, and the battle against Pacifism." (*Die Christliche Welt, January 21, 1928.*)

Moral Disarmament.

The refusal of the Prussian Government to allow the German navy to acquire a new battleship continues to excite the fury of the Nationalist press. It is, indeed, striking that Germany, with her immensely reduced armaments, should at the bidding of Prussia consent to reduce them still further. This fact is surely of greater significance than all the secret military intrigues and conspiracies that are revealed from time to time by Professor Forester and Carl Merthens. A battleship, even if it only has a total tonnage of 10,000 and mounts only 10-inch guns, is, after all, much more important than an occasional hidden store of old rifles or machine-guns or

"Tolstoy"

A PLAY IN SEVEN SCENES

By

Henry Bailey Stevens

Will appear in installments in UNITY during the summer, beginning in this issue.

Tributes to this drama have been paid by the following persons, as follows:

Jane Addams: "I am sending the play back with an assurance of my genuine admiration. The conflict, the situation, the burning words grip me as they have always done, and I am very grateful to you for making them such a clear and well sustained drama. Will you let me know when it is published? I would like to have it done at Hull House."

Aylmer Maude (the English biographer of Tolstoy): "I am surprised and pleased that you have been able to give so good an impression of Tolstoy's general attitude towards his family and the outside world."

Nathan Haskell Dole (the American biographer of Tolstoy): "I think you have made a convincing drama out of the Tolstoy menage."

Alice Stone Blackwell: "'Tolstoy' is a wonderful play. I have never cared much for Tolstoy's writings—which is probably to my discredit—that is, I have admired them, but not enjoyed them. But nobody could help loving the man as you have depicted him. The play is both beautiful and courageous. It would translate well into a variety of languages."

Vida Scudder: "I have enjoyed the play very much. It is a chronicle play, and to me, at least, quite as moving as Drinkwater's 'Lincoln.' I doubt if it could be acted—the drama is so interior—but surely there is no story so moving in the modern world."

The issue of UNITY for September 10 will be a special Tolstoy Anniversary number.

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than the secret rifle practice and night manoeuvres of a few reactionary youths. (*Quoted from the Manchester Guardian Weekly, December 23, 1927.*)

* * *

Poland

Conscientious Objectors.

Vincenty Kasiel of the Malevantsy Sect at Raszkany has refused military service. The physicians declared him to be "psychologically abnormal," and he was dismised and released from military service. When several of our women comrades intervened on his behalf, the physician told them that Kasiel wished to be a martyr, but that the authorities had no intention of martyrising him.

Sender Cwerling, a Baptist, refused to take up armed service on account of his religious objections to it. In spite of his claim that his religion does not allow him to touch a rifle, he was sentenced to one and a half year's imprisonment.

Jakov Slomkowski, an Adventist, who formerly served as a corporal in the army, felt that he could no longer do so. When called up for military service, he refused. He is at present in Warsaw for medical investigation. Our friends try to help him as best they can, but are not allowed to see him. (*Quoted from The War Resister, March, 1928.*)

* * *

Switzerland

Two War Resisters Sentenced.

Hans Meier, a Zürich engineer, who formerly had served in the Militia, refused to obey the call to a second term of service on November 4, because he wanted "to carry out earnestly the demands of a Christian and Socialist Life." He has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and the loss of civil rights for one year. The judges stated that he was "misled" by Professor Ragaz, but Hans Meier answered, "No, I am not misled. I am acting in accordance with my inner conviction. But those who go to war or to military service are misled by those whose interests are served by war."

Andreas Martig, a teacher of Basle, appeared on December 8 for the second time before the Military Tribunal for refusal of military service. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and loss of civil rights for one year. He was ably defended by Pastor Gerber of Langenthal. (*Quoted from The War Resister, March, 1298.*)

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THE POISON GAS CONVENTION

On June 17, 1925, the plenipotentiaries of thirty states signed a convention accepting the prohibition of "the use in war of asphyxiating poison or other gases and all analogous liquids, materials or devices." France and Venezuela are the only two states that have ratified the convention. France, in a note to the other States concerned, declared that until they ratify, she is under no obligation to them, but only to Venezuela. When, in February, 1927, Mr. Baldwin was questioned about gas warfare, he ignored the convention in his reply, and claimed full liberty of action until all powers "were willing to adopt prohibition," though this willingness had been expressed in the convention of 1925. The question was again raised in the British Parliament in February of this year, when Mr. Baldwin declared that no powers had yet signified their intention of ratifying, and that, therefore, it was "inexpedient" for Britain to ratify. This attitude is untenable in face of France's full ratification of the convention, which is a pledge not to use poison gas against a state which has given a similar pledge. (*Manchester Guardian Weekly.*)

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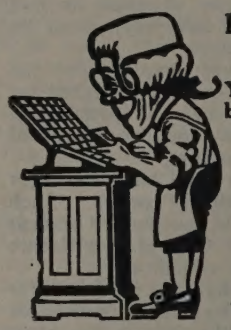

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